

DEMOCRATIC PIONEER.

Mr. D. J. HILL, Argus Office, Norfolk, Va., is authorized to receive subscriptions, &c., for the Pioneer and receipt for the same. He will also forward any favors from our Norfolk friends intended for publication in this paper.

Volney B. Palmer is authorized to receive advertisements for the Democratic Pioneer in New York, Philadelphia and Boston, and receipt for the payment of the same.

William Thompson, S. E. corner of Baltimore and South sts., is authorized to receive advertisements for the Democratic Pioneer in the city of Baltimore, and receipt for the payment of the same.

TUESDAY MORNING, OCT. 1, 1850.

JUST LIKE HIM.

The editor of the "Old North State" is a very paragon of fairness! He not only dares his adversary into the field, but claims the choice of position, weapons, and everything else. And even then, if pushed a little, he plays the ostrich to perfection, thrusts his head into the sand, and imagines his body safe!

We have already taken occasion to advert to the unfair and disingenuous course of our neighbor; but he still persists in it—may, more—he seems to make a boast of it. A short time since, he charged us, by innuendo, with being an "incipient traitor," and we retorted; he now comes out and declares that he "did not charge, in specific terms, the editor of the 'Pioneer' with being an 'incipient traitor'—thereby clearly admitting that he had made the charge in some form, but not in 'specific terms'."—Innuendo and indirection appear to be the strongholds of our neighbor, and one would suppose that he either advocated a very weak cause, or else desired to circumvent an opponent by means which he himself knows would be utterly futile if used in open day. But even these dexterous guerrilla efforts have proved miserable abortions, and have all recoiled upon the head of their author. As we have said above, he denies that he has charged us with being an incipient traitor in "specific" terms; and yet re-publishes what he did say, from which we take these words:

"The recent action of Congress will however kill these incipient traitors to the Union out-right. What says our neighbor?"

Nothing can be more palpable than that our neighbor intended to classify us among those whom he recklessly characterized as "incipient traitors," at least by innuendo if not in "specific" terms; if not, why let him say so. He dare not deny that he meant to do so indirectly; and it would have been much more creditable if he had shown his hand at once, and given a bold and candid expression to sentiments which he would to utter, but feared to do so—except under the cloak of indirection.

And these remarks apply with especial force to the State of North Carolina, and to no particular locality with greater potency than our own town.—Here we have all the facilities of procuring an excellent elementary education. Our schools will compare favorably with similar institutions in any portion of the commonwealth. Your children can remain under your parental guardianship, and acquire a solid and substantial education, at a cost infinitely below that incurred in sending them to the North. Ascending from the elementary to the higher branches of a complete and thorough collegiate course, where are greater advantages offered than at Chapel Hill? Some of the ablest men and purest patriots of the age have proudly claimed her as their Alma Mater. Why, then, should we abandon an institution at home, which has given to the country some of her brightest intellectual luminaries, for the purpose of encouraging those at a distance, between whom and us there is no social or domestic affinity?

Admitting, however, for the sake of argument, that there are better schools and colleges at the North than at the South; a very obvious and palpable reason may be assigned for it in the fact that we are in the habit of neglecting our own and encouraging them. How can we expect to procure talents of the first order and build up flourishing literary institutions among us, if we abandon them to their fate and give the preference to the North? Whenever our people begin to countenance and support the profession at home, they will soon find that ripe scholars and men of the best attainments, in any abundance, may be found ready and willing to enter upon the great work. This is all that is needed; and it is unreasonable to suppose that such men can be induced to appear before "a beggarly account of empty" benches, where neither fortune nor reputation is to be increased. As the laws of trade and commerce are regulated by supply and demand, so are those of literature: wherever there is a demand for teachers, there will they go; and if you will only create that demand at home, we do not hesitate to vouchsafe a most abundant supply. Otherwise attention will be diverted to the North, and a monopoly secured to that section.

These suggestions are loosely thrown together for the information of those of our readers who are interested in the matter; and we leave them to fill up the picture and supply such omissions as have necessarily occurred in this article.

Gov. Towns has issued his proclamation calling the Convention.

The Richmond (Va.) Times has seen thirty-eight bars of solid gold, weighing 8875 pennyweights, and worth nearly one dollar a pennyweight—the product of the "Brooker Gold Mines" of Messrs. Mosely, & Co., in Buckingham county—the result of 60 days' work.

EDUCATE YOUR CHILDREN AT HOME.

The Southern people have long indulged in the suicidal habit of sending their sons and daughters to the North to be educated. A false notion prevails among us, that, in order to give them a "finishing touch," it is necessary to send them abroad, and place them under the tuition of some Yankee, whose sentiments, feelings and habits are utterly antagonistic to their own. It seems that when this is done, the pupil returns to the South, full of all the "accomplishments" deemed essential in polite society.

A more ruinous policy could not be pursued. The very end sought to be attained is thereby measurably defeated; for, transferring the young and susceptible mind from parental guardianship to the discipline of a distant tutor, who feels no other interest in the pupil but that of getting his money, the morals of the youth are not cared for with that watchful vigilance and deep solicitude which the parent alone can feel and exercise; and thus the child, too, left free from those holy influences which environed him at home, too often contracts habits of vice and profligacy, which cast a gloom over his whole future career.—Further than this, the Northern people, differing essentially with the Southern upon questions of vital importance to our domestic happiness, will endeavor to instill their ideas and sentiments into the young mind; and we all know how difficult it is to eradicate seeds that are sown in early life.

But it is objected by some that you cannot get as good an education here as at the North. This is a great mistake—an unjust reflection upon Southern schools and professors. Is there any thing in the climate of the North which enables the student to learn faster or plunge deeper into the labyrinths of science and literature? Surely no one is silly enough to set up this absurd pretension. Is the mind of the Northern teacher better adapted to imparting instruction than that of the Southern? This is equally absurd. Why, then, do Southern parents persist in spending their money abroad, when it could be more advantageously appropriated at home? What strange infatuation—what deep hallucination possesses them, that they still continue to lick the hand that smites them? How long will they continue to heap insult and obloquy upon the State of their birth, by virtually declaring to the world that she is incapable of giving her sons a thorough and complete education? Will they forever admit the superiority of the North, and thus pamper their already bloated presumption and increase their enormous fortunes? Such a course is forbidden alike by every consideration of interest, self-respect and State pride.

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ONE OF THE EFFECTS.

Those who think that in adopting the Compromise measures passed by Congress they have saved the Union and restored harmony and good feeling among the people of the United States, are doomed to disappointment. Even should the States continue to cling together as a confederacy, there will be such an estrangement of feeling, such an alienation of sympathy, that what remains will merely bear the name of union, when in fact there will exist but little unity between the two great sectional divisions. The Union was formed for common purposes: how can those purposes be accomplished, if one section works against the other, and spurns all social and commercial affiliation? And that such will be the case, is manifest from the unmistakable "signs of the times." For example, we find in the last "Mississippi" the proceedings of a large mass meeting, in that State irrespective of party, embodying the following resolutions:

1st. Resolved, That whereas the efforts of the non-slaveholding States of the North and West, have for some years past been unceasingly directed to the restriction of slavery, and to the destruction of slave labor—to the exclusion of Southern men from the enjoyment of territory acquired by the common blood and treasure of the whole Union, and which belongs equally to the citizens of all the States, to the abuse of Southern men and Southern institutions—that it is the true policy of the South to build up and encourage its own manufactures, and so far as it is practicable to discontinue its intercourse with, and to throw off its dependence upon a people who steal our property, fleece us out of our money and brand us as oppressors—who realize millions annually from the productions of slave labor, while they disparage the morals and impugn the motives of slave owners; therefore we do solemnly pledge ourselves that we will purchase no article of our domestic consumption that is grown, prepared or manufactured in any of the non-slaveholding States of this Union, provided such articles can be obtained as the growth or manufacture of any of the Southern States, and that in the purchase of every description of goods, wares and merchandise, we will in every instance give the preference to the manufactures and productions of the Southern States, and to such merchants as deal in such articles exclusively.

2d. Resolved, That we will not transact any business (either by the shipment of cotton, or the purchase of goods from) with any merchant in the city of New Orleans who is known to be a free soiler in his sentiments, or unless his residence in the South, and known opinions have identified him with the South.

3d. Resolved, That we will employ no school teachers, or patronize any school under the management of any person or persons, who are not known to be wholly Southern in all their feelings and opinions, as we are unwilling to subject our children to the taint of corruption, by placing them under the influence of those who claim it as a religious merit to aid in the destruction of Southern institutions.

What a deplorable state of affairs is here presented! So insulting and oppressive has the recent legislation of the National Congress been regarded by a portion of the citizens of the South, as to induce them to forewear all communication with the North!

The fugitive slave bill was the only one of the whole batch recently passed by Congress which possessed the slightest semblance of justice or protection to the South—and that was a mere semblance or shadow, for it on y re-enacted a provision solemnly established by the Constitution; and if the North failed to respect a constitutional obligation, it is idle to expect that they will sustain a mere legislative enactment of similar import. But this bill professed to have in view the protection of the rights of the Southern people; it declared (what the Constitution already affirmed) that the owner of a runaway slave might pursue and capture him in any of the free States. Well, now, although every body knows that the master will encounter as much difficulty now as ever in the recovery of his fugitive slave, and although the bill grants nothing of real value, but only a shadow to lull the South into an acquiescence in the other measures; yet how did Northern Whigs treat even this poor concession? Why, of their whole delegation only three voted for it! Now it will be remembered that the great body of that party come from the North and give the cue to their Southern friends; still we find them so intolerant and bigoted as to oppose even this small favor! On the other hand, twenty-seven Northern Democrats voted for it—nine times the number of the Whigs!

Can any man doubt, after this, that the South have more to expect from the Democracy of the North, than from the Whigs of the North? The former have on many occasions risked their political existence at home by coming out manfully for the rights of the South and the maintenance of the Constitution; but the latter (the Whigs) have always gone dead against us! Let the Southern people bear this in mind.

THOMAS RITCHIE.—We see it rumored in the papers that this distinguished veteran of the editorial corps, is about to withdraw from the "Union," and that his late partner, Mr. Burke, and Wm. M. Overton, Esq., will succeed him.—The latter gentleman, we believe, has been an assistant editor in the "Union" office, since the withdrawal of Mr. Burke.

We are indebted to Hon. Fred. P. Stanton, of Ky. for interesting congressional documents.

Jenny Lind's benevolence seems to have gotten her into a very unpleasant "fix." She is every day beleaguered by hosts of hungry applicants for favor.

The Raleigh papers are boasting of working off their issues on paper manufactured in that town. This is a gratifying sign.

LITERARY CURIOSITY.—In the "Old North State" of Saturday, there is a communication containing one single sentence seventy-five lines long! This single sentence covers a space of nearly three quarters of a column! Je-rusalem!

POPULATION OF RALEIGH.—By the report of the Deputy Marshal of Wake County, we learn that the population of Raleigh amounts to 4,468—of whom 2,250 are whites; 1,760 slaves; and 458 free blacks.

DEATH OF A SENATOR.—John Exum, Esq., Senator elect from Wayne county, in this State, died at his residence on the 4th ult. He was a Democrat, and had represented his county in the Legislature for a number of years, with fidelity and ability.

FIRST COMMERCIAL NATION.—The London correspondent of the N. York Herald, states that the commercial tonnage of the United States is 20,000 tons, more than that of England, the former being 3,150,000 tons, and the latter 3,130,000 tons. If this be true, we are course the first commercial nation in the world.

The Arkansas Legislature stands as follows: Senate, sixteen Democrats and four Whigs; House of Representatives, fifty Democrats and twenty-two Whigs. Democratic majority on joint ballot, forty.

RICH DIGGINGS.—One of the steerage passengers by the Philadelphia had with him twenty thousand dollars, which he had gained in forty-eight hours. He first took sixteen thousand dollars from his claim in one day, and then sold it the next day for four thousand dollars, and started for the States, perfectly satisfied. He is one of the fortunate ones.

NAVAL IMPROVEMENT.—The House of Representatives have passed a law abolishing flogging in the navy, and substituting five cents a day instead of the spirit rator. Wise and excellent reforms. It is inconsistent with the spirit of our institutions, to whip a white man.

A MATRIMONIAL DAMPER.—A regulation has recently been adopted for the government of the U. S. Naval School at Annapolis, to the effect that no midshipman shall marry previous to his final examination, under a forfeiture of his commission.

The Democracy of New York have been harmonized and again united—the two sections having come to terms satisfactory to both. We can't help looking on John Van Buren with suspicion—he's like his daddy, rather treacherous. If they could get rid of the whole Van Buren dynasty, it would be better for them.

Brevet Majors Wm. H. Shover, and W. P. Bainbridge, both of them gallant soldiers of the Mexican war, have recently died at West Point. "They have fought their last fight."

The Steamer Ohio arrived at New York on the 23d from Chagres, but brings no later advices from California than those by the Philadelphia, which will be found in another column. She brings half a million of gold dust.

The two Houses of Congress have arranged their disagreement relative to the deficiency mileage bill, for paying the California members. The Californians get their full mileage—some six thousand dollars each!

The very honorable Wm. H. Seward, an U. S. Senator from the State of New York, has sent us a copy of a speech delivered by himself, on the 11th ult., on the subject of "Emancipation in the District of Columbia"—in other words, the abolition of slavery itself in that District. Mr. Clay's bill for the abolition of the slave-trade in the District was thought outrageous enough—but it didn't begin to satisfy the voracious appetite of this gentleman, who offers an amendment, that not only the slave-trade, but slavery itself, should be abolished there. He very modestly intimates that, if the Senate are willing, he has no particular objection to consulting the people of the District on the subject; at the same time, he avows his readiness to pass the bill without this piece of condescension. There is nothing surprising in the speech before us—it is full of Sewardism; and he is the man who has "damned himself to everlasting fame" by his devotion to a "higher law" than the constitution of our country, and by his bitter and unrelenting abuse of Southern Institutions.

There will be a dedication of the Hall of the Sons of Temperance, in this place on Tuesday evening the 8th inst. The D. G. W. Patriarch, C. R. Hendrickson, will be present and conduct the exercises. The community generally are invited to assemble at the Hall and participate in the exercises. Seats will be reserved for the Ladies. Dedication to commence at 7½ o'clock.

THE CUBAN AFFAIR. A dispatch of Saturday, from Washington, says: "The Spanish minister, at the request of Mr. Webster, returned last night from New York, and had a long conference with him. The business relative to Cuba, and we understand that another attempt is to be made on Cuba. The descent is first to be made upon Hayti, for the overthrow of Faustin Souleouque."

Gov. Quitman has issued his proclamation convening the Legislature of Mississippi, to take into consideration the manner of adjustment recently adopted by Congress.

JENNY LIND'S PHILANTHROPY.—We see it stated in the Northern papers, that Jenny Lind has appropriated the entire net proceeds of her visit to America, to however large they may be, to the establishment and endowment of a system of free schools in Norway and Sweden.—What a noble mission of humanity is hers! How few are there, who would thus devote themselves to the elevation of the social moral and intellectual condition of mankind.

For the Democratic Pioneer.

MR. EDITOR:—As the sports and amusements which the genial months of Summer bestow have ended, and Winter draws on apace, would it not be a most happy idea if one would suggest some pleasant pastime to while away the long and tedious evenings—that are to follow? I think I can propose a plan that will not only promote sociability among those who enter into it, but if properly conducted, greatly increase their stock of useful knowledge: Let us form a Literary Institution, upon the plan of a debating Society, to meet weekly and discuss practical and historical questions, together with all the other matters incident to such an institution, for the diffusion of light upon any subject which may arise. There is no more pleasant or profitable way of spending an evening than is thus afforded. By the discussion of historical questions, we are often called upon to resort to the musty volumes that have lain for years untouched upon the shelves of the secretary, to cull from the records of antiquity the subject matter bearing upon the controversy at issue; thereby re-schooling our minds in its valuable information. And, in considering the practical, we are necessarily compelled to resort to many sources of information which would otherwise entirely escape our notice. Other towns have them, and spare no pains to promote their advancement, and why should not our young men, too, enter upon this useful and ennobling work, with spirit and enterprise, and contend gallantly for the palm awarded to similar institutions in other places?

Young men of Elizabeth City, look to it. Are you entering upon the study of a profession? There can be no greater aid to your advancement than a graceful and easy delivery. If your aim be political preferment, by availing yourselves of this method of quickening and cultivating the argumentative powers, you will be enabled to present yourselves in the political arena skilled in the elements of debate and ready to meet an opponent at any point. The mechanic, too, whose advantages have been limited for acquiring an education, would, by frequent intercourse and conversation with others more favored, enlarge his mind and hoard up a store of inestimable knowledge, and thereby gain a high degree of influence among his fellow-citizens and become a proud ornament to society.

I have thrown out these suggestions, Mr. Editor, hoping that the young men of our town will give them the consideration their importance demands, and act accordingly—and I hope promptly.

UNUS. The democrats of Maine have nobly discharged their duty at the late election. They have triumphed over free-soilism and whigery combined against them. They have elected their governor, and carried five members of Congress out of seven, compensating their loss of one district by their victory in another. In the legislature they are irresistible—having in the senate at least twenty-five democrats to six whigs; in the house, so far, ninety-three democrats to fifty-eight whigs. Such a gallant spirit should animate the democrats in every State. We trust especially that our friends in New York and Pennsylvania will imitate her generous example. With proper exertions on the part of our friends, we calculate on gaining several congressional districts in the Empire and the Keystone States.

The Yeopim Church, (Baptist) situated about five miles from this place was destroyed by fire a few nights ago. It is supposed that its destruction is the work of an incendiary, but unfortunately no clue being ascertained which will lead to the detection of the perpetrator of this impious act.

Washington Union. The dry season had set in, affording fine opportunities for mining operations. About ten thousand persons were busily engaged at the diggings—all doing well. The Chilians had dug fourteen thousand dollars worth from the mines at James-town in two weeks. Others have been equally prosperous.

Goods from the United States were generally in active demand, and business in every channel promising. Money, however, was scarce and in demand at pretty heavy rates.

Mess Pork was selling at \$18 to \$24. Lard at \$10 to \$12. Coffee selling at \$30 to \$45c. per lb. Flour was selling at \$11 a \$12 per bbl. Rice \$8 a 10c. per lb. Coffee selling at \$30 to \$45c. per lb. [From the Stockton Journal, August 7.] The gratifying intelligence has been made known here, within a few days past, of the discovery of an extensive and rich placer between the head water of the Stanislaus and Merced, at the base of the snowy ridge. It is said there is room in these new diggings for twenty thousand miners.

The work has commenced on some of the bars of the Stanislaus. At the Pine Log crossing the gold is found in great abundance. The miners are taking out lumps of a pound weight each. One man in two hours washed from the dirt

LATER FROM CALIFORNIA! DREADFUL RIOT IN SACRAMENTO CITY!

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMER PHILADELPHIA.

New York, Sept. 20. The steamer Philadelphia arrived here this afternoon from Chagres. She brings dates from San Francisco to the 15th of August. She has on board one million dollars worth of gold, and one hundred passengers.

When the "Philadelphia" left Chagres there were some few cases of the prevailing disease, (fever) which, however, was confined almost entirely to the native population. With proper care and attention to health, no fear need be felt by persons wishing to cross the Isthmus. No reliance can be placed upon the reports of persons passing through the place, as they are, in general, highly exaggerated.

It is the opinion of Dr. Gould, who resides at Chagres, that by the middle or latter part of October, the sickness will have entirely disappeared, as at that time the dry season commences, and the principal cause of the unhealthiness will be removed.

HEAVY FAILURE.—The stoppage of Barton Lee, for the heavy sum of \$1,100,000, in Sacramento City, has produced no little excitement both in that city and in our own. Mr. Lee had been carrying on business on a most extensive scale. He had assigned over all his property to Messrs. E. F. Gillespie, J. C. Kewen, and Dr. Mackenzie.—These gentlemen do not express the slightest fear but that he will be able to meet all his liabilities. The Sacramento papers state that the assets of the estate are \$1,400,000. His indebtedness to Messrs. Cornwall & Priest, his former partners, now absent in the States, amounts to about \$600,000—\$400,000 of which is covered by mortgage. The special deposits amount to \$50,000, and the deposits drawing interest to \$250,000. The income of the estate is estimated at from \$50,000 to \$80,000 a month. We understand that there was a considerable run upon the Sacramento bankers yesterday, but they promptly met all demands.

[From the Alta California, August 15.] EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS.—We hear astonishing reports from Carson's Creek—accounts which exceed the stories told by the oldest of the old miners. Lumps of gold, in value amounting to \$19,000, were deposited with Adams & Co., last evening—the proceeds of two and a half days labor by two men. One piece weighs eleven pounds, as smooth as glass and unmixed with foreign matter, and the smallest lump weighs two and a half ounces.

In conversation with one of the fortunate possessors of this treasure, he informed me that the gold was obtained about half a mile from Carson's Creek, and where, hitherto, nobody else had thought of searching for it. The place appears to have been formed by a mountain slide. The gold is all very coarse, and that obtained by our informant has never been washed. The clay adhered to it as when it was first picked out of the earth. About 70 persons are at work in these diggings, and our informant says that one of them took out twenty-seven pounds on Friday last. All in that location are meeting with remarkable success.

We make the following extract from the Stockton Journal, of 31st ult.: IMMIGRATION SOUTH.—We learn from gentlemen from the Southern Digging, that over fifteen hundred emigrants have arrived at different points of the South, composed principally of persons who have crossed the plains this season.

RIOT IN SACRAMENTO CITY. A terrible riot, resulting in death and much bloodshed, occurred at Sacramento city on the 12th August. It appears that a party, amounting to about sixty persons, calling themselves Squads, or rather designated as such—proceeded to the prison—ship to relieve some of their comrades. They were promptly confronted by the citizens, when a terrible fight ensued. The Mayor, Mr. Bigelow, was badly wounded during the affray.—The City Assessor, and many others on both sides, were killed or wounded.—The steamers McKim and Bianca were despatched to San Francisco for troops and other assistance. In the meantime the squatters had been reinforced and numbered about eight hundred strong.—Lieutenant Governor McDougal proclaimed martial law, and the city thus remained until the required assistance was obtained, and the riot finally put down, but not without serious injury to the participants on both sides. Information has been received that the city had been reduced to ashes.

The mails from San Francisco were brought down by the steamer Caroline, but they had not arrived when the Philadelphia left. There were some few cases of yellow fever on the Isthmus among the natives, though with proper care and treatment they were easily managed. No danger was apprehended by emigrants or passengers crossing the Isthmus.

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that was thrown away \$200. The miners say that each will obtain six ounces a day, until the waters rise. Other equally favorable reports have reached us from the other river bars.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

THE SHORTEST PASSAGE ON RECORD.—The splendid steamship Pacific, of the Collins' line, arrived at New York on the 21st ult., having made the run across the broad Atlantic in the unparalleled time of ten days, four hours and forty-five minutes! This is nine hours quicker than any other American steamer, and seventeen hours quicker than any British steamer ever made the run from Liverpool to New York. This is a splendid triumph of American skill in ship-building.

The accounts from Madrid confirm the extraordinary success obtained by the government in the elections. None of the chiefs of the pro-republic party, and not more than twelve of the opposition deputies, had been re-elected.

One of the Roman Journals gave expression to a report that Lord Palmerston had addressed to the court of the Vatican an energetic note, in which he cautioned it against adopting violent measures towards Sardinia, and persevering in the system hitherto pursued by the Pope with regard to the government. A Custom's League, it is stated, has been concluded between Austria and the duchies of Modena and Parma. Turkey does not at present form part of the league, but negotiations on the subject are pending.

The accounts from Schleswig announce that martial law has been proclaimed in Husum against all persons concealing arms or holding communication with the Danish cause.

A grand naval review took place at Cherbourg, on Saturday, the 7th inst., in the presence of the President of the French Republic. The article of coffee appears to be attracting considerable attention in the continental markets. At Antwerp, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Hamburg, Trieste, Havre and Berlin, holders are represented to be very firm, and prices have advanced. When the result of the public sales at Amsterdam had become known, an increased business had been done, particularly at Hamburg.

Messrs. Brown, Shipley & Co's Circular.

LIVERPOOL, Sept. 11, 1850.—There has been a dull and lifeless cotton market since the date of the circular of the 6th, with a decidedly downward tendency in prices, but not generally of so decided a character as to cause a reduction in the quotations, though in many instances purchasers have obtained an advance of 1d per pound. The sales for the three days are estimated at 14,000 bales, of which speculators have taken 1,250, and exporters 2,800 bales. Our Corn market is quiet, but without change in prices.

STILL LATER!

By a telegraphic dispatch from Philadelphia to the Norfolk (Va.) Argus, we are in receipt of still later advices from Europe, per steamer Niagara:

BALTIMORE, Sept. 27, 1850. The steamer Niagara has arrived at Halifax with later dates from Europe. Cotton has further declined one eighth. Breadstuffs are firm and command full prices.

Coffee has advanced two shillings per cwt. Sugars very firm. The political news received by the Niagara is unimportant.

INTERESTING FROM HAVANA.

Execution of Four Cubans at Cardenas.—Sentence of Capt. Benson and Mte. &c. The New York Sun has a letter dated Havana Sept. 17, from which we take the following interesting news:

The fate of the two American Captains is still shrouded in the most profound mystery. They were condemned to death by the Marine Court, but I believe the verdict has been reversed by Roncali. It is the general belief here that they will be imprisoned for life in one of the Spanish fortresses in Africa. The American sailor Wilcox, who was found on one of the reefs near Cardenas, the next day after the taking of that town, has been condemned to ten years imprisonment in Africa.

Sentence to death has been pronounced against the following Cuban gentlemen, for supposed connection with the late Cardenas invasion:—Gonzales, Sanchez, Hacias, Villaverde, P. de Aguiar, Gapez Betancourt, C. Madan. Aguiar receives his sentence for having written a pamphlet at New Orleans, bearing rather hard on the Spanish despots.

V. Arriete has been condemned to hard labor in chains, for life, and sentenced also to pay the entire cost of the prosecution against the Contoy prisoners, and also all the damages sustained at Cardenas.

All the above individuals, however, are safe within the borders of the United States, and unless their abductions are effected, *a la Rey*, they need have no fear of being harmed.

Cardenas for the past week has been but a repetition of bloody scenes. Four unfortunate Creoles, who, in the first flush of victory, imagined that the happy day of deliverance had dawned, for a single imprudence have suffered the most ignominious death, the vile garrote. Others are held in duress, ignorant of their fate, and subjected to all those refined cruelties for which the sons of Castile are so eminently distinguished.

The excitement against Gen. Campbell still continues, and I doubt much if he ever will be permitted again to exercise the functions of an American consul.

Madame rumor says, that serious disturbances have taken place at Pina del Rio. All I know is, that a large body of cavalry was sent from the capitol and has not yet returned.

An Irishman seeing a vessel very heavily laden, and scarcely above the water's edge, exclaimed, "Upon my soul if the river was but a bit higher, the ship would go to the bottom."

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POETRY.

UPWARD—ONWARD.

BY JAMES W. COFFROTH.

"Up and onward! Look not back,
With a foolish sad regret,
Over life's receding track;
Stars of promise sparkle yet
In thy future's opening sky;
Gird thy loins and onward fly!

All the Evil of the Past
With the Past has gone forever,
But its good will ever last.
In its brightness, fading never—
Owning but the Truth as Master,
Onward! dreading no disaster!

Homer in his song is living,
Plato's voice melodious swells,
Still Leonidas is striving;
And on this earth Jesus dwells
Mid the despised and lowly hearted,
From pious luxury departed.

Even now the morn is breaking
Of the better, brighter day—
Nations from their slumber waking,
Joyful hail its dawning ray;
And raptured by the cheering sighs,
Exalt the chorus, "Light, more Light!"

Let thy thoughts, like eagles soaring,
Guide thee on thy upward path,
Heed not Errors round thee roaring,
Boldly front their utmost wrath.
Hoops, these fearful scenes adorning,
With bright bow bespeaks the morning.

Onward! onward! Toils despising,
Upward, upward! Turn thine eyes,
Only be content when rising,
Fix thy goal amid the skies;
Let not flattering ease divert you,
Such is Vice—and Action's Virtue!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

—So sadly and so sadly weep.

The bustle of the fight was over; the prisoners had been secured, and the decks washed down, the watch pipped, and the schooner had once more relaxed into midnight quiet and repose. I caught my hammock and soon fell asleep. But my slumbers were disturbed by wild dreams which like the visions of a fever agitated and unweary me; the last strife, the hardships of my early life and a thousand other things mingled together as figures in a phantasmagoria. Suddenly a hand was laid on my shoulder, and starting up I beheld the surgeon's mate.

"Little Dick, sir, is dying," he said. At once I sprang from my hammock. Little Dick was a sort of protegee of mine. He was a pale, delicate child, said to be an orphan, and used to gentle nurture; from the first hour I joined the schooner, my heart yearned towards him, for I, too, had once been friendless and alone in the world. He had often talked to me in confidence, of his mother, whose memory he regarded with holy reverence, while to the other boys of the ship he had little to say; for they were rude and coarse, he delicate and sensitive. Often when they jeered him for his melancholy, he would go apart by himself and weep. He never complained of his lot, though his companions imposed upon him constantly. Poor lad! his heart was in the grave with his lost parents.

I took a strange interest in him, and had lightened his task as much as possible. During the late fight I had owed my life to him, for he rushed in just as a sabre stroke was levelled at me; and by interposing his feeble cutlass had averted the deadly blow. In the hurry and confusion since, I had quite forgotten to enquire whether he was hurt, though, at the time, I had inwardly resolved to exert all my little influence to procure him a midshipman's warrant in requital for his service. It was with a pang of reproachful agony, therefore, that I leaped to my feet.

"Great God!" I exclaimed, "you don't mean it? He is not dying?"

"I fear, sir," said the messenger, shaking his head sadly, "that he cannot live till morning."

"And I have been lying here!" I exclaimed, with remorse. "Lead me to him."

"He is delicious, but at the intervals of lunacy, he asks for you, sir," and as the man spoke, we stood beside the bed of the boy.

The sufferer did not lie in his hammock, as it was hung in the very midst of the crew, and the fresh air around it was so stifling, that he had been carried under the open hatchway, and laid there in a little open space of about four feet square. From the sound of the ripples, I judged the vessel was in motion, while the clear, calm blue sky, seen through the opening overhead, and dotted with myriads of stars, betokened that the fog had broken away. How calm it smiled down on the wan face of the dying boy. Occasionally a light current of wind—oh! how deliciously cool in that pent up hothouse—died down the hatchway, and lifted the dark chestnut locks of the sufferer, as with his head reposing in the lap of an old veteran, he lay in an unquiet slumber. His shirt collar was unbuttoned; and his childish bosom, as white as that of a girl, was open and exposed. He breathed quick and heavily. The wound of which he was dying, had been intensely painful, but within the last half-hour had somewhat lulled, though even now his thin fingers tightly grasped the bed clothes, as if he suffered the greatest agony.

A battle stained and gray haired seaman stood beside him, holding a dull lantern in his hand and gazing sorrowfully down upon the sufferer. The surgeon knelt with his finger on the boy's pulse. As I approached, they all looked up. The veteran who held him shook his head, and would have spoken, but the tears galled too chokingly in his eyes.

The surgeon said—
"He is going fast—poor little fellow—"

do you see this?" as he spoke, he lifted up a rich gold locket which had lain upon the boy's breast. "He has seen better days."

I could not answer, for my heart was full—here was the being to whom a few hours before I had owed my life—a poor, slight, unprotected child lying before me, with death already written on his brow—and yet I had never sought him after the conflict. How bitterly my heart reproached me at that hour. They noticed my agitation, and his old friend—the seaman that held his head, said sadly—
"Poor little Dick—you'll never see the shore you have wished for so long. But there'll be more than one, when your log's out," he spoke with emotion, "to mourn over you."

Suddenly the little fellow opened his eyes, and looked vacantly around.
"Has he come yet?" he asked in a low voice. "Why don't he come?"
"I am here," said I, taking the little fellow's hand, "don't you know me, Dick?"

He smiled faintly in my face. He then said—
"You have been kind to me, sir—kind than most people are to a poor orphan boy. I have no way to show my gratitude—unless you will take the Bible you will find in my trunk. It's a small offering, I know, but it's all I have."

I burst into tears; he resumed—
"Doctor, I am dying, ain't I?" said the little fellow, "for my sight grows dim." "Oh, bless you, M'Danforth!" said I, "I do nothing for you, Dick?"

"Can I save my life, I would coin my blood to buy yours?"
"I have nothing to ask—I don't want to live—only, if it's possible, let me be buried by my mother—you will find the name of the place, and all about it in my trunk."

"Anything, everything, my poor lad," I answered chokingly.

The little fellow smiled faintly—it was like an angel's smile—but he did not answer. His eyes were fixed on the stars flickering in that patch of blue sky overhead.
"It's a long, long ways up there, but there are bright angels among them," Mother used to say that I would meet her there. How near they come, and I see sweet faces smiling on me from among them. Hark! is that music?" and lifting his finger, he seemed listening for a moment—He fell back, and the old veteran burst into tears—the child was dead. Did he indeed hear angels' voices? God grant it!—[Nat. Intel.]

UNCLE BILL.

A SKETCH ABOUT LOVE AND GOLD DUST.

Uncle Bill Griffin, or Uncle Billy, as he was commonly called, with an irreverent disregard of his patronymic, did not retire from the ship chandlery business till he was worth something more than a plumb. Not being blessed with a son to continue his name and inherit his fortune, he lavished all his tenderness and care upon his daughter. Sweet Molly Griffin, thou wert as unlike thy papa, as a canary bird is like a bull dog. His face was as hard as a Dutch nut cracker, thin as soft as a rose leaf. He was the veriest miser in all creation—thou didst spend thy pocket money as liberally as a Prince of Wales. In his household management, Uncle Bill was a consummate skindrift; tradition said that he used to soak the back logs in the cistern, and water the lamp oil, and he was aided and abetted in all his niggardly domestic schemes by a vinegar-faced old housekeeper, who was the sworn enemy of all good cheer, and stunted from a pure love of meanness. Yet pretty Mary had no reason to complain of her father's penuriousness, as far as she was concerned. He sent her to the best schools and gave her a cart blanche on the most expensive milliners, and when she walked Washington street of a sunny day, there was no more gaily bedecked damsel to be seen from Cornhill to Essex street.

Of course several very nice young men in varnished leather and white kids fell over head and ears in love with her, and there was a larger number of whiskers collected outside of the meeting she attended on Sunday, than darkened the doorsteps of any other metropolitan church.

Yet cold was the maid, though legions advanced, All drilled in Oridian art, Though they languished, ogled, protested and danced, Like shadows they came, like shadows they glided.

From the pure polished ice of her heart.

Besides, old Uncle Bill was a formidable guardian to his attractive daughter. Did he not fire a charge of rock salt into the inexpressibles of Tom Bilkins, when he came serenading with a cracked guitar? Didn't he threaten to kick Towle for leaving a valentine at his door? Wasn't he capable of unheard-of atrocities?—The suite of pretty fairy were all frightened off the course by her ogre of a father, except a steady young fellow who rejoiced in the name of Sampson Bittles, and who was addicted to book-keeping in a wholesale grocery store on Commercial street. The old gentleman really liked Bittles; he was so staid, so quiet, and so full of information. He was a regular price current, and no man on change was better acquainted with the value of stocks.

Why Mary liked him, it is more difficult to conjecture, for he was very deficient in the small talk that young ladies are so fond of, was averse to matinees, disliked the opera, thought the ballet-moral, and considered waltzing indecent. Perhaps his good looks compensated for other deficiencies, or perhaps a horror of dying in a state of single blessedness induced her to countenance the only young man Uncle Bill was ever known to tolerate.

One evening Bittles screwed up his courage to the task of addressing the old man on the subject nearest to his heart.

"Mr. Griffin," said he, "I have had something here for a long time," and he made up a horrible face, and placed his hand somewhere near his heart.

"Dyspepsia?" asked the old man.

"Your daughter," gasped the young man.

"Well, what about her?" asked Uncle Bill, sharply.

"I'm in love with her," said the unhappy clerk.

"Humbly!" said Uncle Bill.

"Fact!" rejoined Bittles.

"What's your income?" inquired Griffin.

"Eight hundred," answered the supplicant.

"It won't do, my boy," said Griffin, shaking his gray locks. "No man on a salary shall marry my daughter. Why, she's the finest girl in Boston; and it takes capital to marry a fine girl. When you have thirty thousand dollars to begin with, you can come back and talk to me."

Bittles disappeared. Six months after that, Miss Mary Griffin received a letter with an endorsement of Uncle Sam, acknowledging the receipt of forty cents. It ran thus:

SAN FRANCISCO, California, 1849.
DEAREST MARY—Enclosed you will find a specimen of California Gold, which please hand your father and oblige. Have to advise you of my return to Boston—Please inform your father that I have made fifty thousand dollars at the mines, and shall (wind and weather permitting) call upon him to talk over that matter and arrange terms of partnership.

Yours to command,

SAMPSON BITTLES.

Mary, as in duty bound, handed the epistle to her father, who was overjoyed. Some weeks elapsed and the return of the steamer to New York was telegraphed. Griffin was on the *qui vive* to see his future son-in-law.

On the day of his expected arrival, he met with a Californian who came home in the same ship.

"Where's Bittles?" he inquired.

"Oh, he'll see you before a great while," replied the Californian.

"Has he been lucky?"

"Yes—fifty thousand at the lowest figure. But he's going to try a game over you. He means to tell you that he has been robbed of all his gold on the way home, to see if you have any generosity and disinterestedness—to see whether you'd give your daughter to him, gold or no gold."

"Sly boy!" chuckled old Griffin.

"I'm much obliged to you for the hint. I'll act accordingly. Good morning."

Now it happened the Californian was a good friend of Bittles, and that the story of Bittles' fortune was absolutely true, he having been robbed of every ounce of his hard earned gold dust on his way home. So it may be supposed he called on Griffin with a very lugubrious and woe-begone air.

"My dear boy," said Uncle Bill, "I am delighted to see you, and pleased to hear of your luck. I welcome you as my son-in-law. But what the deuce is the matter with you?"

"Alas, sir!" said Bittles; "I am the most unfortunate man living. I made fifty thousand dollars at the mines—"

"Very hard luck!" interrupted the old gentleman chuckling.

"But on my way home, I was robbed of every ounce—and now how can I claim your daughter's hand!"

"Sampson Bittles," said Uncle Billy very cunningly, "if you haven't got fifty thousand dollars you deserve to have it."

"You've worked hard enough to get it. You shall have my daughter, and the marriage shall be celebrated to-morrow night. In anticipation of your return, I have had you published. And while you're talking with Mary, I'll draw a check for \$50,000, so that you may go into partnership with a sufficient capital."

"But, sir, I'm a beggar."

"So much the better—you'll work harder to increase your fortune."

"My dear sir, how can I thank you?"

"By making my girl a good husband."

"There—go—go—and tell Mary the news."

Bittles did tell her the news, and they were married. He went into business on the fifty thousand furnished him by his father-in-law, and was so extraordinarily prosperous, that Uncle Bill was more convinced than ever that the story was a regular Munchausen. Once or twice he tried to repeat it, but the old gentleman always cut it short with:

"I know all about it. Had it put in the papers, too, eh? O, it was a terrible affair! Lost your all! Poor fellow! Well, I made it up to you—and now I won't hear another word about it."

When Uncle Bill departed this life, his immense property was found to be equally divided between his daughter and son-in-law, the testator bequeathed to the latter his share to compensate him for the loss he sustained on his return from California. The old miser had died in the full belief that Bittles never lost the gold dust.

SHARP SHOOTING.—The clerk of a steamboat once amused himself greatly at the expense of a catholic priest, whose profession he pretended not to know. Among a number of impudent questions he asked the following:

"Can you tell me the difference between a catholic priest and a jack?"

"No, sir," replied the priest.

"Well," said the clerk, "I'll tell you. The one wears the cross on his breast, and the other on his back."

"Very well," replied the priest, coolly, "can you tell me the difference between a steamboat clerk and the long eared animal of which you have just spoken?"

"No, sir, what is it?"

"I can discover none," said the priest. The clerk stepped out.

SAILOR AND HIGHWAYMAN.—One of the Dover stages, on its way to London, was stopped by a single highwayman, who being informed by the coachman that there was no inside passengers, and only one in the basket, and he a sailor, the robber instantly proceeded to exercise his functions upon the honest tar, when waking him out of his sleep, Jack demanded to know what he wanted; to which the robber replied—

"Your money."

"You shan't have it," says Jack.

"No!" replied the robber; "then I'll blow your brains out."

"Blast your eyes, blow away!" said Jack.

"I may as well be without brains as without money. Drive on, coachman."

So you would not take me to be twenty!" said a young lady to her partner, while dancing the polka a few evenings ago. "What would you take me for then?"

"For better or for worse," replied he, and she was nothing loth.

GETTING INTO THE WRONG HOUSE.

BY FRANK DOANE.

"For me I adore
Some twenty or more,
And love them most dearly."

Such was the light air hummed by a young man one evening in the month of September, between the hours of seven and eight, as he strolled into a court leading off Washington street, where was his boarding house.

The character of the air suited well with the appearance of the young blade, for as he turned into the court, the light of the lamp "illuminated" him; he was tall, and somewhat slender, but finely formed, his pale and handsome features, large bright eyes, with dark circles around them, told of late hours and excitement.

His exterior frock coat, buttoned at the top by a single button, pants of a snuff-colored hue, white vest and chain fastened at its lower hole, attached to the deuce knows what in his vest pocket (we do not mean to say that the name of a watch, but frequently young gentlemen of that cut, are not able to sport that useful article, but content themselves with sometimes attaching a pencil, a counterfeited dollar, and an instance is known of a ten-penny nail put to that use), boots, hat and dicky of the latest fashion, and switch cane, surmounted by a delicately carved lady's leg in ivory, completed the rakish *tout ensemble* of our hero.

As we said before, he was humming a tune as he went into the court. Passing up, he ceased; and his thoughts, if they had been uttered, would have been something like this:

"Forty or fifty years more, I should have said. Byron was a hard one; one of the b'hoys decidedly; hang it, he wasn't the very personification of his Don Juan—he went on the principle 'go it while you're young,' and he did it with a vengeance."

During these cogitations, he reached, as he supposed, his boarding-house. Ascending the steps he sent his hand on an exploring expedition in his pockets, and extricated an instrument resembling a portable poker, with a joint handle. Inserting this instrument into a round hole in the door, he effected an entrance.

On entering he was somewhat surprised at the disappearance of the hat tree, and a table in its place.

"Where the deuce is the hat tree gone to now?—I should like to know? He mentally exclaimed throwing down his hat. 'How awful quiet it is just now?'"

Continued, proceeding towards the sitting-room.

Finding it in total darkness, he was still more surprised.

"June!" is every body dead, I wonder? I'll have some light on the subject," and with that determination he crossed the room to the mantelpiece, to search for a match. He placed his hand on an exclamation of surprise.

"By every thing that's blue, a lady's shoe! extraordinary events must have transpired during my absence—a sofa here, striking against one under the mantelpiece. They have been pitching the personal estate around at a terrible rate. Ah! a baby's shoe! Oh, mein Gott, as the Dutchman said."

"Charles is that you?" whispered a soft voice at the moment, and a warm hand clasped his own.

"Where! what the deuce is to pay now? he almost ejaculated in surprise; but recovering himself, he answered, in a whisper, "yes, dearest, it is me—over the left," he said to himself.

I see how it is, I'm in the wrong box, and this daniel thinks I'm Charles, no matter, I'm in for it now, and might as well put it through."

So thinking, he seated himself by her side on the sofa, with one hand clasped in hers, and the other round her waist.

"Charles," she said, "what made you so late? I have been waiting for you this half hour."

"The deuce you have," thought he.

"Indeed, I am very sorry, but positively I could not come sooner," he said.

"The folks have all gone away this evening; and we'll make the best of our time," said she, squeezing his hand.

"Yes, by Jove, we will," was the reply, as he embraced her and imprinted several kisses on her lips.

"I wonder who I am kissing in the dark," thought he during the operation.

"Why, Charles! I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself, you never did so before."

"Charles must be a very bashful youth," thought our hero.

"Charles, you mustn't do so!" she exclaimed, "what do you mean?"

"I'm making the best of my time," was his innocent reply.

"You remember the last time I saw you, you said you'd tell me to night when we should be married," said she.

A whistle nearly escaped the lips of Gus, (such was the abbreviated sponsonorial of our hero.) "I should say immediately," he thought, but she might mistrust, and 'twould be no go."

"The time, dearest," he replied, "will be when it will be the most convenient for you."

"Oh, how glad I am," she exclaimed.

"What a pickle I should be in, if the folks should pop in all of a sudden," he thought at that moment, as if he had a presentiment. As the thought passed his mind, a latch key was heard fumbling at the door. At this ominous sound she sprang to her feet greatly frightened.

"Oh, dear!" was her exclamation, "what shall I do? here comes the folks."

"What shall I do?" was the question of Gus, as he sprang to his feet.

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" she bitterly exclaimed, where shall I hide you? There's no closet, and you can't get out of the room before the folks will see you. Oh mercy! I shall lose my place. There, the door is opening—quick—quick—hide under the sofa, it is a high one."

He didn't stop to think of a better place, but popped down and commenced crawling underneath. His progress was greatly accelerated by her feet, which she applied quite heavily to his side.

"Thunder! what a plantation she's got," said Gus, as it came in contact with his ribs.

He found the space under the sofa quite narrow, so much so that he was obliged to lay flat on his face.

"Where! they keep a cat in the house. Hist! there they come—one—two—three daughters, the old man and woman and two gents, friends of the ladies, I suppose. Here they are down on the sofa. How I would like to grasp one of those delicate little feet! Gads! she would think the devil had her. I wonder how long I've got to stay here. I hope the conversation will be edifying."

In this manner his thoughts ran for the space of an hour. By that time he found his situation any thing but pleasant, not being able to move an inch. There were no signs of their departure, judging from their conversation, which was lively at first, and not knowing how long he should have to stay in such odious quarters caused him to mathematicize them most severely, and he got worse to such a pitch that he let an oath accidentally slip through his lips.

"Hark! what's that?" exclaimed one, but the others heard nothing.

"Jesu Maria!" thought Gus, "what a narrow escape. If any of the others had heard it, I should have been discovered; then a pretty plight I would be in. I should have been taken for a burglar."

While thus congratulating himself on his escape, a shawl belonging to one of the ladies, hanging over the back of the sofa, slipped behind. It was soon missed and a search commenced.

"It must have fallen behind the sofa," surmised the mother, and she proceeded to ascertain, said one of the young men, rising from the sofa.

Seizing one end of the sofa he whirled it nearly into the middle of the room.

Gods! what a scream. The young ladies nearly fainted away at the sight of Gus lying on his face.

"Burglar! thief! robber!" cried the head of the house retreating towards the door.

"Complimentary," said Gus, looking up. The two young men seized and raised him to his feet.

"Give an account of yourself; how came you here?" were the questions put to him.

"The robbers! watch!" screamed the ladies.

"Stop your noise," shouted the old gentleman, as Gus commenced an apology.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Gus, "you have found me concealed under the sofa, in a burglarious manner, but 'pon my soul, it was for a different purpose."

He then gave a lucid explanation, and in such a manner that it set the old gentleman in a roar of laughter.

The girl was then called to be questioned about the matter.

"I shall see now, at any rate, who I have been skylarking with," thought Gus, as her step was heard on the stairs.

A moment more and a daughter of Ham, black as the ace of spades strode into the room!

Such an apparition of darkness struck our hero dumb. For a moment he was a model of amazement; but a roar of laughter from all in the room restored his scattered senses, and he became fully aware of his ridiculous position.

"Where's my hat?" he faintly ejaculated, as he rushed from the room.

Until sleep closed his eyes, did the roar of laughter ring in his ears, and when he awoke, a vision of a negress flitted before him.

[From *Arthur's Home Gazette*.]

THE CUP OF COLD WATER.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Henry Green was a reformed man. He had been a most abandoned drunkard, and, in the years of his sad decadence, had shamefully wronged and abused his family. But, in a lucid moment, he perceived, with startling distinctness, the precipice, upon the very brink of which he was standing, and started back therefrom.

For his suffering wife and children, the waste places became green again, and the desert blossomed as the rose. After a long, long night of weeping, he came forth, and his smile brought light and gladness to their spirits. The husband and father was a man once more with the heart of a man. He turned no longer away from them in debasing self-indulgence, but toward them in thoughtful affection.

How quickly is perceived a change for the better in everything appertaining to the inebriate's family, when the head of it abandons his sin and folly, and returns to his affection and duty. All this change was apparent in the family of Henry Green. They had suffered even to the deprivation of every comfort, but of these one and another were now bereft, and every part of their humble dwelling seemed to smile again. How happy they were!

And yet, the wife of the reformed man often felt a sense of insecurity. She understood too well that, for her husband, temptation lurked at every point. How often did she await his return home, as evening approached, with trembling anxiety; and mark, while yet afar off, his steps, to see if they were firmly taken.

It was early in the fall of the year when Henry Green took the pledge. Through the winter he had worked industriously; and, as he could earn good wages, his income had given them, as just mentioned, very many comforts.

He had not been much tempted of his old appetite during the cold weather, nor did he feel its active return at the opening of spring. But with the fervent heat of summer, the slumbering desire awoke.

Active bodily labor produced free perspiration. Frequent thirst was the consequence; and, whenever this was felt, the thoughts of the reformed man dwelt upon the pleasure a cool glass of some mixed liquor would give. With an effort, and often with fear at his heart, would he thrust aside the alluring images drawn by his truant imagination. And yet, they would ever and anon recur; and there were times when his strength was tempted almost beyond his strength.

Green was a carpenter. Early in the spring, a gentleman offered him a good contract for putting up two or three frame buildings, which he gladly accepted;